

# The Constant LOVER:

O R,  
Celia's Glory exprest to the Life.

A pleasant new Song (as it's sung after the *Italian* manner) and great in Request at Court, and in the City.

To a pleasant new Tune of, *Why are my Eyes still flow*-----ing This may be Printed, R. P.



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As when the Sun by Beam-----ing  
Upon the frozen Earth unbinds;  
Her icy Chains she seem-----ing  
Dead to man: no new Life soon finds,  
But by the warmer Rays, the pregnant grows,  
And by the Plenty on the long expecting Swain;  
To let him see his hopes were not in vain.  
So bear ye Winds, my sigh-----ing  
In gentle Gales to her relate;  
I languish, and am dy-----ing,  
Tell her, 'tis she must stay my fate:

Tell her, my eyes have given me a wound,  
That-----uncrown'd  
All happiness that the world did yield,  
And from the Conqueror won the field.

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Lobe's harvest is exceed-----ing  
When his soft fires do gently move  
When his kindness is a breeze-----ing  
In the kind hearts of those we love:  
Breathe, breathe, these fires into my Celia's breast  
To make-----me bless,  
But let the gentle flame move calmly there,  
Calming the thoughts of new born Infants are.

## Celia's Answer to the Constant Lover.

The Second Part,

To the same Tune.

Why are my Eyes still flow-----ing?  
Why do's my heart thus trembling move?  
Why do I sigh when go-----ing  
To see the Darling Saint I love:  
Ah! 'tis my Heaven, and in my Eye  
Lobe's Del-----ty:

There is no Life like to what she can give,  
For any Death like taking my leave.

Tell me no more of Glo-----ry,  
To Courts Ambition I have resign'd;  
But tell a long long No-----ry  
Of Celia's Face, her Shape and Mind;  
Spake too of Raptures that wou'd Life destroy,  
To en-----joy:

Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball,  
For that dear minute I'd part with 'em all.

For that wou'd 'e a Treas-----sure,  
Beyond what e'er the World can give;  
A joy beyond all mea-----sure,  
Must needs in such Endearments live:

Such tender Blessing, who too much can prize  
Which-----artle

Beyond the reach of mortals tell,  
And in themselves all pleasures excell.

Tell her those Roses blow-----ing  
That in her Face create a Spring,  
Those Lillies that are grow-----ing,  
At e'ery sight fresh Raptures bring;  
Which breathe into my heart Lobe's Gentle Air  
Make me-----desire

The dear enjoyment that I long to gain  
To which I wade even in a Sea of Pain.

Yet pain's to me a Plea-----sure  
Since 'tis for her whom I adore  
I wait till she's at lea-----sure  
Her's with the Captive heart restore

I'll learn to think I suffer when such bliss  
Such-----happiness

As with a Glance can banish despair,  
As still at hand my drooping soul to cheer.

VVhen Strephon was bewail-----ing,  
The absence of his charming fair,  
And thou' twas nought at all-----ing,  
The Beauteous Celia she drew near:  
All gay as new blown Roses are  
She did ap-----pear;  
And hearing from the cool Grove his moan,  
She in pity made this kind return.

Come cease your eyes from flow-----ing,  
And let not my poor beauties move:  
A Shepherd that's so know-----ing,  
In all the secret ways of Love:  
Ah! sigh not after me for I,  
No Del-----ty  
Can boast, nor give the pleasure you feign;  
Nor make you feel a moment of Pain.

Rest not then the Glo-----ry  
That blooming youth bids you embrace;  
For things more Trans-----cend  
To live upon a fading Face:  
Go: let things pursue and lay Raptures by  
Which de-----stroy  
What honours building in a mighty mind;  
Crate them to love, to your fairer more kind.

Where merit is command-----ing,  
and Constancy do's bear it's part;  
Alas there's no withstand-----ing,  
For why they scorn the hardest heart.  
Long time I did a Siege sustain,  
But all in-----vain,  
For like the Winter by the Spring o'erth'rown,  
I must dear Strephon and am thy own.

If Roses they are blow-----ing  
For you they're blooming in my face;  
For you they there are grow-----ing  
For you the Lillies all take place;  
To please my Strephon all Conspire,  
To raise high-----er  
Lobe's charming Power to ravish the Mind;  
When to my dearest I strive to be kind.

My Strephon then leave sigh-----ing,  
To Winds no more your Passion breath;  
Nor speak as if a dy-----ing  
He you but constant and still live;  
Lbe in your kindest Celia's heart let there  
Lobe de-----clare  
The mighty Empire you o'er her have gain'd  
And now a Virgins kind Heart you have chain'd.

Printed for J. Conyers at the Black Raven a little above St. Andrews Church in Holbourn.